

A Moorland Princess

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,

Author of "The Barn Stormer," "Fortune's Sport," "A Woman in Gray," "Queen Sweetheart," "Her Royal Highness," "The House by the Lock," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Some Strange Happenings.

"Do not call me by that name!" Vivien was saying. "It belongs to the past. I can't bear that even he should hear it. Haven't I bought my freedom—and, indeed, legally, even I am free. You know that. It is only that the story of my past must not be known, even to my uncle. Haven't I done enough to buy the keeping of the secret of New-Take Farm? Don't you buy all your secrets, too? How would you have got on without my help these last days?"

"You have done very well, but then, you have been well bribed, too. We've served each other equally so far. And you ought to consider yourself well paid by having this Breakpear with you. Don't you see, if you're not in such a position that he's virtually put in to offer you marriage?"

"He isn't in that position, you're not!" "No, but he will be in twenty-four hours." (Jim was exceedingly curious to know how.) "When you come to his rescue, as if by accident, as a nurse, on his night and day at the risk of being maligned by scandal-mongers, will there be any way but one out of the dilemma for a man of his position? Will you not, my girl, and I consider that I have behaved very generously in saying: 'Bless you, my children.' It's an unusual situation, you'll admit, for a man of his position. Will you matchmaker for the ex-wife. Confess I've paid you well for all your help, especially as the caravan idea was mine; and don't ask me to tell you more, for I have no intention of doing so."

By this time Jim's ears were burning. He had acted the part of the savior-copper at first with the best intentions and for a particular purpose; but the subject he had wished to hear discussed had changed embarrassingly, and did not seem likely to be renewed again. Instead, he was listening to a lady's secrets, and hearing such revelations of her wishes toward himself as shocked and bewildered him to the limit of sensation. He would listen to no more. Abruptly he turned, and began walking back in what he judged to be the direction of New-Take Farm. But Dart-moor at night is bewildering. He walked on and on until he felt his physical powers utterly failing him. Still, not a light was to be seen in the distance; and Dart-moorland everywhere; and the stars had been blotted out with the clouds.

To him it appeared a grievous misfortune to have lost his way, and to be forced at last to fling himself down among the heather, with no better prospect than to lie still until the dawn of another day. Yet had he known that the heather was well heaved thanked heaven for a blessing in disguise.

Not more than half an hour after the caravan had rested, a man went out also, seen as a bloodhound on the scent. He did not know of the existence of the caravan, but he saw the tracks, and caught at the idea that a wagon of some sort had been sent from the village to aid Breakpear's projected escape. He was able to trace the tracks, and he tended for some distance in the direction expected, then left the road and struck off across the open moor. At length he saw the moving bulk of New-Take Farm, black against the sky line, and hastened his footsteps, which had hesitated sometimes in doubt. Scarcely a minute after Breakpear had turned away in disgust at the startling information received, setting his face in the wrong direction, the man who called himself Michael Dupont came up with the caravan.

He had inside his coat the same revolver he had carried before—a weapon he had chosen for himself from an arsenal remarkably well stocked, albeit on a small scale. He took the revolver out and held it ready, as with even more caution than Breakpear had observed, he drew still nearer to the caravan.

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GUBB'S FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food Grape-Nuts and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed it had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 14 tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts Juice with 6 teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours."

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on, and is also a delicious, healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. Grape-Nuts food stands for the true theory of health.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle of common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen, it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the greatest remedy for kidney trouble, fulfils every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects the habit of passing water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing, be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in The Minneapolis Daily Journal. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

It was only a bad dream he had had, Maya was impatiently told, when she had slipped on her dressing gown and gone in to her father. But the thick curtains were pushed back from the window nearest his bed, and the pale light of early dawn streamed through the screen of lacy showed a face so haggard that she was frightened.

Once, it must have been an exceedingly handsome man, and it was still remarkable; a face to turn and kill in a crowd, and not to be forgotten. It bore few traces of age; there were no wrinkles, and the eyes were full of fire. Yet a stranger seeing the man for the first time could scarcely have imagined his being young. He hardly looked human, for his clear features and his hair, which had been cut out of old ivory, yellow-white and polished. The deep-set eyes might have been black or gray, but the heavy brows were like a thick line of ink drawn from the forehead and worn rather long, was a mass of gleaming silver, without a thread of its original color left. Even his hair was colorless, and they showed the restlessness of the unnaturally bright eyes, twitching slightly at the sunken corners as the restless glance moved. Had not the man been dead, the light from the pillow might almost have been that of a dead man, in the greenish light which came thru the ivy.

"I wish you had called me," said Maya. There was deep tenderness in her heart for her father, but in spite of herself it struggled with contempt. It hurt her to see the man who had once been so noble and she would have cut off her hand to save him pain, just as she had cut herself off from all that might have done him good, for she knew him so entirely—knew all his weaknesses, his vanities. The thought of death as a release to the wretched, the girl knew well that she feared it, shrunk from it with horror. His cries to be saved, to be kept alive—only alive—when heart-spasms had tortured him, still rang in her ears, and she remembered them again should the pains increase.

"I didn't want you," the answer came pettishly. "You are too sparing with the medicine. I got up and took it myself—more than the usual dose, for I needed it. But I am no better. I wish you would call Michael."

Maya hurried to obey. Wrapping a white shawl over her dressing-gown, she unlocked the door between the North Wing and the main part of the house and fitted like a ghost thru the dim corridors till she reached the door of Michael's room. There she knocked, once, twice, thrice, each time louder and more insistently, but got no response. At last, in desperation, she tried the door. It was not locked. "Michael!" she called. But no Michael answered. The room was empty; the windows wide open and uncurtained; the bed had not been slept in.

This discovery gave Maya a shock; but she did not believe yet that her cousin had gone far. He had been much disturbed when she saw him last; and she had hurried away from him coldly. Still, there had been no quarrel, and she thought that if Michael had meditated a chase of the fugitive, he would at least have had some intention. Perhaps he had felt that he could not sleep and had not cared to try in vain. He had told her that sometimes he sat up all night, and she had thought she would find him in the sitting-room which the Truro had given up to his use since the beginning of his visit at the farm. He had downstairs to this room and peeped in, but no one was there. Then she slipped out of doors, tho her feet were clad in thin slippers and the grass was wet with dew. Michael sometimes took his books to a dilapidated summer-house not far away, but it was unnecessary to say by a black cat that darted past the girl with a mew as she brushed against the half-open door; and at last Maya began to be very anxious—she had left the farm and left the farm after bidding her good-night, he could only have gone upon one errand—that of revenge. It was ominous that he had not yet returned, and that he must now be close upon 6 o'clock in the morning, and already smoke was curling thinly from the kitchen chimney.

Maya's mind sketched a vivid picture of what might have happened if Michael and Breakpear had met on the moor—Breakpear alone or with the other whom Michael loved to call his confederate; and then there was her father. She must keep her thoughts upon him and his need. Michael was the only doctor whom he had ever mentioned to employ, and Michael, with the aid of a specialist whom he had visited in London, and many books, had treated the somewhat complicated case as well as he could. Whether he had really helped his uncle, or whether the patient only imagined himself better for Michael's presence, and treatment, Maya was not sure; for Michael was a surgeon rather than a doctor and was still only a student, but the effect resulting the same, and now the girl dreaded to go back to her father with the news that Michael was missing. The news alone would be a shock, and that, combined with the fact that he must suffer without relief, might make the sick man seriously worse.

There was nothing to do but to go back to the North Wing and tell its occupant that Michael could not be found. Instantly his father's fears caught fire. It was useless to offer commonplace theories to Michael; he would not be found. Something mysterious had happened, and the enemy had been at work. Nothing could account for Michael's going away in the night without leaving a message, except that there was a plot on foot; and that plot could be only against one person.

Maya tried to soothe her father, but her heart was heavy, and she was young for a diplomatist. She had borne a great trouble alone, rather than let this petulant invalid be tortured also, and she dared not tell him how her own surmises probably came to the truth. "Perhaps Michael will soon come back," she urged. "But meanwhile, let us have

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"Defender Shoes"

for men and women. They have won favor by the proof, in wearing, that they contain the essential points of good shoes—quality and style, and at a popular price. All sizes and widths in the correct leathers. Pair—always \$3

Our Millinery Opening

Tomorrow, Wednesday, September 23,

will be an event of pleasure to the women of the Twin Cities and vicinity.

We sincerely ask your inspection of our first complete display of fashionable millinery for the season.

Among the many handsome designs are models from Linn Faulkner, Esther Mayer, Mon. Heitz, Boyer, Mme. Josse, and other famous originators of feminine headwear, as well as the most stunning patterns from the Eastern markets and numberless chic stylish effects by our own talented designers. Prices are on our usual low scale.

Do not miss the hat show of the season.

Second Floor. Tuke Arcade Elevator.



Black Goods Specials Extra Lining Specials

These remarkable prices for Wednesday only:

- 38 inch black all wool Cheviot, wear guaranteed, at the lowest price ever named on this quality, special Wednesday, at yard..... 35c
- 50 inch black all wool Cheviot, strong, heavy and at regular 69c quality, special Wednesday at, yard... 56c
- \$1.50 black Zibeline Skirting Cloth, extra heavy, for unlined skirts and jackets; special Wednesday, yd. \$1.19

For Wednesday only. Don't pass them.

- "Emma" Silk in fast black and all colors. Our regular 25c quality, special Wednesday at, yard..... 19c
- Fast black Percale, soft, strong and good. Regular 10c quality, special Wednesday at, yard..... 7c
- 36 inch Darby Moreen in black and all colors. Beautifully moided. Regular 25c quality, special Wednesday at, yard..... 20c

A Sale of Linens.

This sale will appeal strongly to those who would buy damasks, napkins, crashes, towels, etc., of fine durable qualities at prices much under value.

Our immense Linen Department offers you a large and varied assortment of beautiful patterns in high class and medium grade linens. Make purchases with the knowledge that we back every yard.



Crashes and Toweling.

- Silver bleached Crash—a 6c value, at 3 1/2c per yard.
- 17-inch Bleached and Silver Bleached all linen crash—heavy grade, 10c quality—at, per yard..... 7c
- 18-inch Silver Bleached all Linen Crash—soft and fine—12c grade—at, per yard..... 9c
- 20-inch Silver Bleached Crash—heavy grade, 12c quality, at per yard..... 9c

- Table Damask. 72-in. bleached all Linen Satin Damask—\$1.00 grade, at per yard..... 69c
- 70-in. all linen Loom Damask—extra heavy grade, \$1 value, at per yard..... 69c
- 72-in. bleached all Linen Satin Damask—extra weight, \$1.50 value—at, per yard..... \$1.00
- 60-inch Union Loom Damask—good weight, 45c value, at per yard..... 29c
- 63-inch bleached Mercerized Damask—fine satin finished goods, 75c value, at per yard..... 45c

- Towels. Bleached linen Huck Towels, 17x34 inches, 10c value, at each..... 7 1/2c
- Silver bleached linen damask Towels, at 22x45 inches, 17c value, at..... 12 1/2c
- Bleached linen Huck Towels, 22x44 inches, 20c value, at each..... 12 1/2c
- Bleached linen damask Huck Towels, hem-stitched, all white, or with colored border, size 20x40 inches, 17c value, at each..... 12 1/2c
- Fine bleached linen Huck Towels, hem-stitched, size 25x45 in., 25c value, at each..... 17c

- Napkins. Bleached Cotton Damask Napkins, 22-in. size, \$1.00 value, at per doz..... 65c
- Mercerized Napkins, size 20 in., \$1.75 value, at per doz..... \$1.00
- Bleached all linen Napkins, 22-in. size, heavy fine grade, \$2.50 value, at per doz..... \$1.50
- Bleached all linen Napkins, dinner size, 25 in. \$3 value, at per doz..... \$2.00
- Extra fine bleached all linen Napkins, 25 in. size, \$6.00 value, at per doz..... \$3.50

- Bed Spreads. Hemmed, all white, crocheted bed spreads, large size, 75c grade, at..... 50c
- All white fringed crocheted bed spreads, full size, \$1.25 grade, at each..... 95c
- All white fringed satin Marseilles bed spreads, full size, \$2.00 value, at each..... \$1.25
- Colored Marseilles Bed Spreads, fine grade, \$2.50 quality, at each \$1.50
- Genuine English Marseilles Bed Spreads, with silk embroidered corners and center, \$5.75 value, at each..... \$3

Special Stamp Offer.

Wednesday, Sept. 23, only, we will give

Double Amount S. & H. Green Trading Stamps

with all cash purchases in the Housefurnishing Hardware Dept. Only. A complete line of the famous "El an Ge" Mottled Steel Ware now in. In Basement.

Sanitary Meat Dept.

- Under Management of Witt Bros. Nicollet Arcade and Fifth Street Entrances.
- We sell exactly what we advertise.
- Good Western Beef.
- Rib Roasting, lb..... 4c
 - Chuck Roast, lb..... 6c
 - Pot Roast, lb..... 8c
 - Sugar Cured Corned Beef, lb..... 4c
 - Shelf Steak, lb..... 12 1/2c
 - Porterhouse Steak, lb..... 12 1/2c
 - Round Steak, lb..... 10c
 - Pig Pork Loin, lb..... 12c
- N. W. Main 1237-1275-1484. Twin City, 86-116-467. Deliveries to all parts of the city.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Albert Benham and wife to Joseph U. Barnes; in section 24, town 129, range 24, 4000. Benjamin Drake and wife to Ralph E. Gravel; in section 5, town 117, range 23, 3400. Margaret E. Knuth et al. to George C. Holt; lot 6, block 4, Andrews & Moulton's addition, \$3,000. Isabel L. Long to A. G. Holmdale; lot 15, block 9, Williams addition, \$1,000. Philip S. Collins and wife to James Lynde; lots 1 to 5, Calkins' addition, \$500. Joseph U. Barnes to William Wylie; lot 13, block 1, return of Max's addition, \$100. Martha P. Hawkins and husband to Adelbert Taylor; part lot 9, block 4, Lake of the Isles addition, \$725. Charlotte M. Flint and husband to Mattie L. Street; lot 6, block 9, Windsor's addition, \$400. Mary C. Fox et al. to Max Sklar; lot 1, block 1, return of Max's addition, \$100. Christopher F. Douglas to Ludvig S. Schmitz; east half block 1, Seaman, Gould & Denton's addition to the village of Excelsior, \$800. Philo S. Calkins and wife Amanda L. Far-

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Joseph Alex. Potier and Clara B. Luster. John H. Dibo and Anna Miller. Charles S. Stefford and Victoria M. Humphrey. Albert Peter Solberg and Anna Anderson. Robert L. Thayer and Jennie Louise Bernhart. Joseph Svanda and Anna R. Somba. Jasper C. Williams and Edna P. Shellock. Wallace J. Dairo and Elizabeth Whitlark. Michael Hazel and Mary Fahnen. Frank T. Nelson and Annie Newman. John F. Campbell and Mary A. Geshmann. Elmer H. Farman and Carrie E. Graves. Carl J. Christensen and Hagna Byrnlund.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Ida A. Anderson, 1416 Madison street NE; dwelling, \$1,900. John Olson, 2419 Fillmore street NE; dwelling, \$2,800. Mrs. E. R. Goodart, 3205 Holmes avenue; dwelling, \$2,000. Bethlehem Presbyterian church, Pleasant avenue; veneering, \$6,000. Six minor permits, \$750. Total, ten permits, \$12,850.

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Cured to stay cured. NEVER RETURN. Cause eliminated. Health restored. Our constitutional treatment is a radical departure, absolutely different from all smoke, sprays and "specifics." Our patients' lives without the slightest return of symptoms. Pollen, dust, dust, exertion, smoke, odors or any other cause cannot bring back attacks. We have already treated over 52,000 Hay Fever and Asthma sufferers. FREE No matter how much wealth or influence may be at your command, you cannot obtain complete relief and permanent freedom from Hay Fever or Asthma except through our constitutional treatment. Hour and day this all you please. It remains a proven fact. Write for FREE 99 FREE, explaining the principles of our treatment, with reports of many interesting cases. Address P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo N. Y.